Corn. And what confederacy haue you with the traitours late
footed in the kingdome?

Reg. To whoſe hands you haue ſent the lunatick King ſpeake?

Gloſt. I haue a letter geſſingly ſet downe,
Which came from one, that's of a neutrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning. *Reg.* And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King? *Gloſt.* To Douer.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer? waſt thou not charg'd at perill---

Corn. Wherefore to Douer? let him firſt anſwere that.

Gloſt. I am tide tot'h ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer ſir?

Gloſt. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell nayles
Pluck out his poore old eyes, nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anointed fleſh raſh boriſh phangs,
The Sea with ſuch a ſtorme of his lou'd head
In hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue layd vp
And quencht the ſteeled fires; yet poore old heart,
Hee holpt the heauens to rage,
If wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time
Thou ſhouldſt haue ſaid, good Porter turne the key:
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd: but I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance ouertake ſuch children.

Corn. See't ſhalt thou neuer, fellowes hold the chaire,
Vpon thoſe eyes of thine, Ile ſet my foote.

Gloſt. He that will thinke to liue till he be old
Giue me ſome helpe, O cruell, O ye Gods!

Reg. One ſide will mocke another, tother to.

Corn. If you ſee vengeance---

Seruant. Hold your hand my Lord
I haue ſeru'd euer ſince I was a child (you hold.
But better ſeruice haue I neuer done you, then now to bid

Reg. How now you dogge!

Seru. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin id'e ſhake it
on this quarrell, what doe you meane?

Corn. My villaine! *draw and fight.*

Seru. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Giue me thy ſword, a peſant ſtand vp thus. *She*

takes a ſword and runs at him behind.

Seruant. Oh I am ſlaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to
ſee ſome miſchiefe on him, oh!

Corn. Leaſt it ſee more preuent it, out vild Ielly!
Where is thy luſter now?

Gloſt. All darke and comfortles, wher's my ſonne *Edmund*?
Edmund vnbridle all the ſparks of nature, to quit this horred act.

Reg. Out villaine, thou calſt on him that hates thee, it was he
that made the ouerture of thy treaſons to vs, who is too good to
pittie thee.

Gloſt. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abus'd;
Kind Gods forgiue me that, and proſper him.

Reg. Goe thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell his way to
Douer: how iſt my Lord? how looke you?

Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt, follow me Ladie,
Turne out that eyles villaine, throw this ſlaue vpon
The dungell *Regan*; I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, giue me your arme. *Exit.*

Seruant. Ile neuer care what wickednes I doe,
If this man come to good.

2 *Seruant.* If ſhe liue long, & in the end meet the old courſe
of death, women will all turne monſters.

1 *Ser.* Lets follow the old Earle, and get the bedlom
To lead him where he would, his rogiſh madnes
Allows it ſelfe to any thing.

2 *Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch ſome flaxe and whites of egges to
apply to his bleeding face; now heauen helpe him. *Exit.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemnd,
Then ſtill contemn'd and flattered to be worſt;
The loweſt and moſt deiected thing of Fortune
Stands ſtill in experience, liues not in feare,
The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worſt returnes to laughter;
Who's here, my father poorlie, leed, world, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age. *Enter Gloſt. led by an old man.*

Old man O my good Lord, I haue beene your tenant, & your